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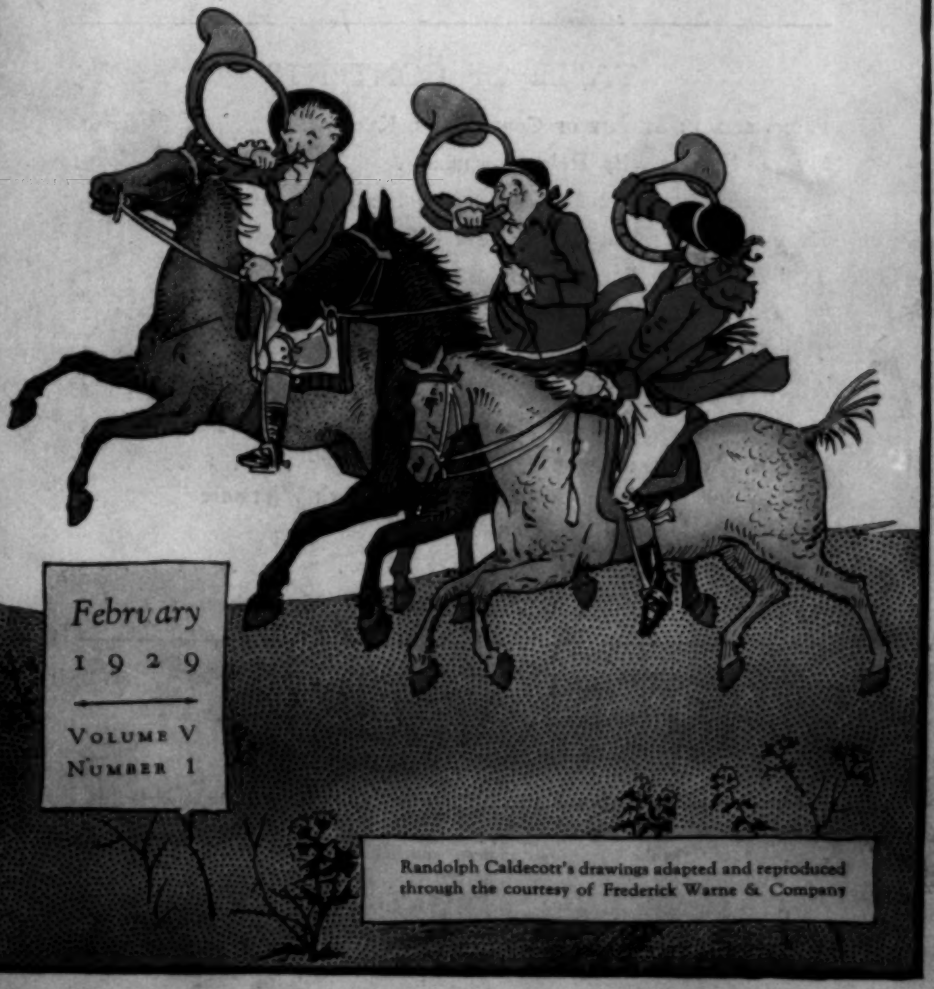

February
1929

VOLUME V
NUMBER 1

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume V FEBRUARY, 1929 *Number 1*

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Published Quarterly in February, May, August and November
by THE BOOKSHOP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 270 Boylston Street, Boston
Editor: BERTHA E. MAHONY
Assistant Editor: ELINOR WHITNEY
Subscription price, $1.25; single copies, 35 cents
Entered as second class matter March 10, 1926, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879
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MARCH NIGHTS

HELEN BUCHMAN

I cannot sleep nights, now that March is here;
The winds of heaven blow too wondrous free
Outside my door.
The driven rain makes too much harmony
Upon the grass, and in my heart.
And I can think of naught, these sounding nights,
But quickening buds
And dripping trees
And wind-swept stars.

From "Preludes to Poetry," by the Stevenson Room Poetry Group of the Cleveland Public Library. The introduction tells us this group is a gathering of young people who want to write poetry, and who want discussion and criticism. "We are proud of the originality of the Poetry Group and the strength of its purpose. Emphatically we do not claim genius for any member of the group, but we hope that the discussion and comradeship which the meetings made possible have given the members a realization of the happiness which lies in free and honest expression whatever the medium." The little pamphlet contains sixty-two poems by boys and girls from fifteen to nineteen.

STATUE OF COPERNICUS, CRAKOW

THE HORN BOOK

Volume V FEBRUARY, 1929 *Number 1*

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY"

By Beatrix Potter

[This is the first chapter of a new Beatrix Potter story, "The Fairy Caravan," which will be published next fall by David McKay Co., with pictures by the author. The book will be larger in size than The Peter Rabbit series, and the price will be $2.00. This is printed here with the kind permission of the publisher and author.]

IN the land of Green Ginger there is a town called Marmalade which is inhabited exclusively by guinea pigs. They are of all colours and of two sorts. The common or garden guinea pigs are the most numerous. They have short hair and they run errands and twitter. The guinea pigs of the other variety are called Abyssinian Cavies. They have long hair and side whiskers, and they walk upon their toes.

The common guinea pigs admire and envy the hair of the Abyssinian Cavies; they would give anything to be able to make their own short hair grow long. So there was excitement and twittering amongst the short-haired guinea pigs when the Hair Specialists, Messrs. Ratton and Scratch, sent hundreds of advertisements by post, describing their new elixir. The Abyssinian Cavies who required no hair stimulant were affronted by the advertisements; they found the twitterings tiresome. In the night, between March 31st and April 1st, Messrs. Ratton and Scratch arrived in Marmalade. They placarded the walls of the town with posters, and they set up a booth in the market place. Next morning quantities of elegantly stoppered bottles were displayed upon the booth. The rats stood in front of the booth distributing handbills describing the wonderful effects

of their new quintessence. "Come buy, come buy, come buy! Buy a bottleful and try it on a doorknob. We guarantee that it will grow a crop of onions!" shouted Messrs. Ratton and Scratch. Crowds of short-haired guinea pigs swarmed around the booth. The Abyssinian Cavies sniffed and passed by upon their toes. They remarked that Mr. Ratton was slightly bald.

The short-haired guinea pigs continued to crowd around, twittering and asking questions; but they hesitated to buy. The price of a very small bottle holding only two thimblefuls was ten pepper-corns. And besides this high charge there was an uncomfortable doubt as to what the stuff was made of. The Abyssinian Cavies spread ill-natured reports; they said that it was manufactured from slugs. Mr. Scratch emphatically contradicted this slander. He declared that it was distilled from the purest Arabian moonshine; "And Arabia is quite close to Abyssinia," said Mr. Scratch with a wink, pointing to a particularly long-haired Abyssinian Cavy. "Come buy a sample bottle, can't you? Listen to the testimonials from our grateful customers." He proceeded to read aloud a number of letters. But he did not specifically deny a rumour that got about — about a certain notorious nobleman, a much married nobleman, who was said to have purchased a large bottle of the Quintessence by persuasion of the first of his seven wives. This nobleman — so the story ran — had used the hair stimulant with remarkable effect. He had grown a magnificent beard. But the beard was BLUE.

Messrs. Ratton and Scratch shouted themselves hoarse. "Come, buy a sample bottle half-price and try it for salad dressing! The cucumbers will grow of themselves while you are mixing the hair oil and vinegar. Buy a sample bottle, can't you?" shouted Ratton and Scratch.

The short-haired guinea pigs determined to purchase one bottle of the smallest size, to be tried upon Tuppenny. Tuppenny was a short-haired guinea pig of dilapidated ap-

pearance. He suffered from toothache and chilblains, and he had never had much hair, not even of the shortest. It was thin and patchy. Whether this was the result of chilblains or of ill-treatment is uncertain. He was an object, whatever might be the cause. Obviously he was a very suitable subject for experiment. "His appearance can scarcely become worse provided he does not turn blue," said his friend, Henry P.; "let us buy a small bottle and apply it as directed." So Henry P. and the nine other guinea pigs bought a bottle and ran in a twittering crowd towards Tuppenny's house. On the way they overtook Tuppenny going home. They explained to him that out of sympathy they had subscribed for a bottle of moonshine to cure his toothache and chilblains, and that they would rub it on for him, as Mrs. Tuppenny was out. Tuppenny was too depressed to argue; he allowed himself to be led away.

Henry P. and the nine other guinea pigs poured the whole bottleful over Tuppenny and put him to bed. They wore gloves themselves while they applied the Quintessence. Tuppenny was quite willing to go to bed; he felt chilly and damp. Presently Mrs. Tuppenny came in; she complained about the sheets. Henry P. and the other guinea pigs went away to their teas. At 5.30 they returned. Mrs. Tuppenny said nothing had happened. The short-haired guinea pigs took a walk and looked in again at 6. Mrs. Tuppenny was abusive; she said there was no change.

At 6.30 they called again to inquire. Mrs. Tuppenny was still more abusive; she said Tuppenny was very hot. The next time they came she said the patient was in a fever and felt as though he were growing a tail. She slammed the door in their faces and said that she would not open it again for anybody.

Henry P. and the nine other guinea pigs were perturbed. They betook themselves to the market place, where Messrs. Ratton and Scratch were still trying to sell bottles by lamp-

light. They inquired anxiously whether there was any danger of the elixir causing tails to grow? Mr. Scratch burst into ribald laughter, and Mr. Ratton said, "It won't grow no other sort, only pigtails on the head." Henry P. and the nine other guinea pigs were dubious. They dispersed to their homes. During the night Messrs. Ratton and Scratch picked up their booth and departed.

Next morning at daybreak a crowd of guinea pigs returned to Tuppenny's house. More and more arrived on the doorstep until Mrs. Tuppenny came out with a scrubbing brush and a pail of water. In reply to inquiries from a respectful distance, she said that Tuppenny had had a disturbed night. Further she would not say, except that he was unable to keep his nightcap on. No more could be ascertained, until, providentially, Mrs. Tuppenny discovered that she had nothing in the house for breakfast. She went out to buy a carrot. Henry P. and a crowd of guinea pigs swarmed into the house as soon as she was out of sight around the corner. They found Tuppenny had got up; he was sitting in a chair looking frightened. At least, presumably it *was* Tuppenny, but he looked different and very odd. His hair hung over his ears and nose. And that was not all; for whilst they were talking to him, his hair grew down on to his empty plate. It grew something alarming. It was quite the proper colour, and very nice soft hair; but Tuppenny said he felt funny; sore all over, as if his hair were being brushed back to front, and prickly and hot, like needles and pins; and altogether uncomfortable. And well he might! His hair — it grew and it grew and it grew. Faster and faster; and nobody knew how to stop it. Messrs. Ratton and Scratch had gone away without leaving their address. If they possessed an antidote there was no way of obtaining it from them.

And still the hair kept growing. Mrs. Tuppenny cut it and cut it, and stuffed pincushions with it, and pillowcases, and bolster; but as fast as she cut it — it grew again.

When Tuppenny went out he tumbled over it; and the rude little guinea pig boys ran after him, shouting, "Old Whiskers!" His life became a burden. Then Mrs. Tuppenny started pulling it out. The effect of the Quintessence was beginning to wear off, if she would have exercised a little patience; but she was tired of cutting, so she pulled. She pulled so painfully and shamelessly that Tuppenny could not stand it. He determined to run away — away from the hair pulling and the chilblains and the long-haired cavies and the short-haired guinea pigs; away and away, so far away that he would never come back.

So that is how it happened that Tuppenny left his home in the town of Marmalade and wandered into the world alone.

In after years Tuppenny never had any clear recollection of his adventures while running away from home. It was like a bad mixed-up dream that changes into morning sunshine and is forgotten. First, a long, long journey: noisy, jolting, terrifying; too frightened and helpless to understand anything that happened before the journey's end. The first thing that he remembered clearly was a country lane, a steep, winding lane always climbing uphill. Tuppenny ran and ran, splashing through the puddles with little bare feet. The wind blew cold in his face; he wrapped his hands in his mop of hair, glad to feel its pleasant warmth over his ears and nose. It had stopped growing, his toothache and his chilblains had disappeared, and Tuppenny felt like a new guinea pig. He ran on and on. For the first time he smelt the air from the hills. What matter if the wind were chilly; it blew from the mountains. The lane led to a wide common, with hillocks and hollows and clumps of furzebushes. The short-cropped turf would soon be gay with wild flowers; even in early April it was sweet. Tuppenny felt as though he could run for miles. But night was coming.

He looked about for shelter and saw blue smoke ris-

ing behind some tall savin bushes. Tuppenny advanced cautiously, and discovered a curious little encampment. There were two vehicles, unharnessed; a small shaggy pony was grazing nearby. One was a two-wheeled go-cart, with a tilt or hood made of canvas stretched over hoops. The other was a tiny four-wheeled caravan. It was painted yellow picked out with red. Upon head boards round the top were these words in capital letters: "Alexander and Williams Happy Family and Grand Travelling Circus." Upon another board was printed: "The Pigmy Elephant! The Learned Pig! The Fat Dormouse of Salisbury! Live Polecats and Weasels!" The caravan had windows with muslin curtains, like a house. There were wooden steps up to the back door, and a chimney on the roof. A canvas screen fastened to light posts sheltered the camp from the wind. The smoke which Tuppenny had seen did not come from the chimney. There was a cheerful fire of dry sticks burning on the ground. Several little animals sat beside it, or busied themselves with camp work. One of them was a white West-Highland terrier. When he noticed Tuppenny he commenced to bark. The pony stopped grazing and looked around. A starling bird who had been hopping about on the grass flew up onto the roof of the caravan. The little white dog came forward barking. Tuppenny turned and fled. He heard yap, yap, yap! and grunt, grunt, grunt! behind him. He tripped over his hair and fell in a twittering heap.

A cold nose and a warm tongue examined Tuppenny and turned him over. He gazed up in terror at the little dog and a small black pig, who were sniffing all over him. "What? What? What? Whatever sort of animal is this, Sandy?"

"Never saw the like; it seems to be all hair! What do you call yourself, fuzzy wig?"

"P-please, sir, I'm not a fuzzy wig, a fuzzy pig, a please, sir; I'm a guinea pig."

"What? what? what? a pig? Where's your tail?" said the little black pig.

"Please, no tail, I never had — no guinea pig — no tail — no guinea pigs have tails," twittered Tuppenny in great alarm.

"What? what? no tails? I had an uncle with no tail, but that was accidental. Carry him to the fire, Sandy, he is cold and wet."

Sandy lifted Tuppenny delicately by the scruff of the neck; he held his own head high and curled his tail over his back to avoid treading on Tuppenny's hair; Paddy Pig scampered in front — "What? what? we have found a new long-haired animal! More sticks on the fire! More tea, Jenny Ferret! Set him down beside the Dormouse, Sandy. Let him warm his toes."

The person addressed as Jenny Ferret was an oldish person, about twelve inches high when she stood upright. She wore a cap, a brown stuff gown, and always a crochet crossover. She filled up the teapot from a kettle on the fire and gave Tuppenny a mug of hot balm tea and a baked apple. He was much comforted by the warmth of the fire and by their kindness. In reply to questions, he said his name was "Tuppenny"; but he seemed to have forgotten where he came from. Only he remembered vaguely that his hair had been a grievance. The circus company admired it prodigiously. "It is truly mar-veelious!" said the dormouse, stretching out a small pink hand and touching a wet, draggled tress; "do you use hairpins?"

"I'm afraid, I'm sorry, I haven't any," twittered Tuppenny apologetically.

"Let hairpins be provided — hairpins," said the dormouse, falling fast asleep.

"I will go fetch some in the morning if you will lend me your purse," said Ikey Shepster, the starling, who was pecking holes in the turf to hide something.

"You will do nothing of the sort! Bring back my tea-

spoon, please," said Jenny Ferret. The starling laughed and chittered and flew to the top of the caravan where he roosted at night. The sun had set. The red firelight danced and flickered round the camp circle.

Sandy, stretched before the fire, panting with the heat, watched the new animal through the shaggy fringe of his white eyebrows with bright brown eyes. "Tuppenny, where are you going to?"

"I have forgotten."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I don't know," said Tuppenny sadly.

"Let him ride in the go-cart," said Pony Billy. It was the first time he had spoken; he was dosing beside the caravan, lazily whisking his long tail.

"Tuppenny, will you come with us? Will you join the circus? You shall have your share of fun and corn and sugar-candy; come with us, Tuppenny!" cried all the little animals.

"I think I would like to; yes, please, thank you, yes!" twittered Tuppenny, shyly.

"Quite right, quite right! What, what!" said the small black pig. "Lucky you came today and found our camp. We shall be over the hills and far away tomorrow. Wake up, wake up, Xarifa Dormouse! get into your sleeping box! And you, Tuppenny, shall go to bed in soft dry hay in this hamper. Good night!"

HEROISM IN LOST CAUSES — THE WORK OF D. K. BROSTER

IN this day when quantities of books are turned off the presses, some of them, in fact many of them to be forgotten even a few months after their appearance, it is a pleasure to find such a group of novels as those which D. K. Broster has written in the past ten or fifteen

D. K. BROSTER

years. In spite of the fact that the editions in which they are obtainable are unattractive in their plain bindings, the paper yellow and the print fine, still one has only to read a short distance before it is clear that what is put into these books is of enduring quality. It happened that the first one I encountered was "The Wounded Name." The quotation at the head of the first chapter caught my attention:

"Without a horse, and a dog, *and* a friend, man would perish. The Gods gave me all three, and there is no gift like friendship. Remember this . . . when you become a young man. For your fate will turn on the first true friend you make." (Rudyard Kipling: Puck of Pook's Hill ("On the Great Wall.")

And so in the first chapter I read of the meeting of Laurent de Courtomer and Aymar de la Rocheterie. The story is of the friendship of these two men, both Royalists, who refused to serve Napoleon and were working to restore the throne to Louis XVIII — Aymar de la Rocheterie was a leader of one of those bands of long-haired peasants, the Chouans, who carried on in Brittany "a warfare of hedgerow and heather" — and the quotation of the first chapter becomes the key-note of the story. In "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" we have again Royalist plotting against Republican France, and especially of a small boy's part in situations of great political import. Indeed in each of Miss Broster's books the characters are striving nobly for "lost causes," and in their struggles we see exemplified such a spirit as rings in the Jacobite Ballad:

"Altho' his back be at the wa',
Another was the fautor;
Altho' his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water!
He gat the skaith, he gat the scorn,
I lo'e him but the better;
Though in the muir I hide forlorn,
I'll drink his health in water;
Altho' his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water!"

"The Flight of the Heron" and "The Gleam of the North" are of the Scotch Highlands and the Jacobite struggle.

Once you have found Miss Broster's books you feel that you would like to know about the person behind them, so it was a great pleasure, in answer to a request for something for "The Horn Book," to receive the letter which we are printing here. Miss Broster asked that it be used as material to draw from, but we found it all so interesting that we are taking the liberty of using it as it is, for it shows so clearly what makes her books such worth-while and unusual contributions to the field of historical fiction.

E. W.

I was born outside Liverpool, where the Mersey is wide (as English rivers go), the eldest of four children, three boys and a girl. Almost my earliest recollections are of ships. In my childhood I was generally acting some story or other with a friend; at one early period, I remember, the current drama was concerned with Red Indians, and involved a great many letters, which were sometimes written in "invisible ink" (i.e., milk or lemon juice), sometimes burnt in places to simulate survival of a prairie fire which must have raged with a good deal of regularity.

At ten years old I went to boarding school at a place near the sand-dunes of the Lancashire coast, and when I was sixteen, to the largest girls' school in England, the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. I left as head of one of the two co-equal top classes, at nineteen, with a scholarship for St. Hilda's College, Oxford.

I was at the University for four years specialising in Modern History, in which I took an Honours degree. (At that time the actual degree was not conferred upon women, though the examinations were open to them; but when the degree itself was given in 1920, I was in the first batch of those upon whom it was conferred.)

After passing my final examinations I became secretary to the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and was for some years helping him in the literary side of his work. This left me little time for writing — which had always been my aim — though I managed occasionally to produce a short story or some verses and to get them published. Finally my college friend, Miss G. W. Taylor, and I contrived to finish "Chantemerle," the long historical novel dealing with the War of La Vendée, which we had had on the stocks for some years, and this was published in 1911 and favourably received. Encouraged by this, we set to work on one of the "Oxford Movement," and of the France of Louis Philippe, "The Vision Splendid," which appeared in 1913. Both these have this year been reissued by Heinemann in a cheaper form.

Then came the war, which uprooted me from Oxford. At the end of 1914 I was in Kent, nursing Belgian soldiers from the Yser; in April, 1915, I was sent out to France under the auspices of the Anglo-French Committee of the British Red Cross, and for the rest of that year I was nursing French soldiers at Yvetot, the little Norman town between Le Havre and Rouen, whose name at least is familiar to readers of Béranger. The hospital was an Anglo-American foundation staffed entirely by English and Americans, and occupying all but one wing of the big disused seminary where, as I afterwards discovered, Guy de Maupassant had been a pupil. A couple of wards were run by the American Red Cross, of whose members I retain very pleasant memories. The *poilu* was an excellent patient, and all the more interesting to me, since I had always been attracted by the French and had the advantage of a good knowledge of the language. I spent a good deal of my time there as what the soldiers called "la Meess de nuit," i.e., on night duty.

However, I was invalided home at the New Year of 1916 with a stiff knee, due apparently to some obscure

trench germ. I never went back, nor did my knee (though it ultimately quite recovered) allow of much more nursing, though I tried again in England later on.

Before the outbreak of war I had started my first uncollaborated story, "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," but it was impossible to give one's mind to fiction in those days. Later I took it up again, and it was published in 1918. After that came "The Yellow Poppy" (the best of my books, I think), "The Wounded Name" (perhaps my favourite), "Mr. Rowl," and the first of my Scottish stories, "The Flight of the Heron." (These four were all published in the United States by McBride, Doubleday Page, and Dodd Mead, respectively; but my last, "The Gleam in the North," has not found a publisher on your side. I was told, by a first-class firm, that "they did not believe the public in this country was sufficiently familiar with Scottish and English history to understand the background as easily and quickly as an English public would"; and also that "historical novels that succeed in this country, though less ably written than yours, are nevertheless carefully documented so that American readers reading them need never know anything about the historical background against which the novel is portrayed.")

I am now just finishing the third and last of the Scottish tales, "The Dark Mile," which is going to run for the latter half of this year (under a different title) in *The British Weekly,* and will be published in book form by Heinemann early in 1929.

Although I have by now pretty well forgotten all the history I learnt at Oxford, the impress of the training still, I suppose, survives, and that is why I cannot help taking a great, perhaps even an unnecessary amount of trouble, and spending an immense amount of time occasionally, in securing what accuracy I can, even in small details. And thus one amasses, when reading round a subject, pages of notes which have in the end to be thrown away, since they

cannot be utilised. But perhaps they are not really wasted, since to "soak" in a subject or period affords the best chance of getting to know it.

Yet it is not easy to make a good blend of history and fiction when one does really care that the historical part shall be correct, and that the story itself, on the other hand, shall have plenty of movement and not be overshadowed by the historical background. The public mind very little, I fear, about the accuracy of the history. If it is not correct "the old girl won't know any different," as I believe one of Mark Twain's "Innocents" was wont to say as he collected to take home to his aunt the bone which he cheerfully labelled "Ass's jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines," and the like. It is one's own historical or artistic conscience which clamours for satisfaction.

Nevertheless correct history alone will not (obviously) make a story. I once heard John Masefield lay stress on those early days when the story-teller really told his tales to his audience in the flesh, as he still does in the East, and when, if he failed to interest them, they would either throw something at him or go away. Fortunately for the author, perhaps, such direct criticism cannot now be indulged in; but the need to hold the attention of his audience remains, even though he is not actually sitting in their midst.

Another point. A character in (if I remember rightly) an excellent "mystery" story written by an Oxford woman graduate[1] makes a pithy remark about fiction being largely divided nowadays into "good stories written in bad English," and "bad stories written in good English." But why should not a good story be clothed in good English? Again, one is, or was, constantly coming up against that annoying and question-begging assumption of some reviewers that what they are pleased to call "the novel of

[1] "Unnatural Death," by Dorothy Sayers.

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action" either *should,* or *can* have no deeper interest than that of "things happening." But though things must happen, too, it is character which matters most and is most interesting, and itself makes "things happen." I cannot remember who it was that said "character makes plot," but I firmly believe it. The clash of character is far more vital than the clash of swords; but there is no reason why one should not have both, so to speak, between the covers of a historical novel. I have always at least aimed at the conjunction of the two.

The main idea of any plot I have almost always found to spring from a sort of vision of one person, "felt" as to character and seen more or less distinctly in some incident, not necessarily the central one. The rest will blossom out of this. I have no idea whether this is the way a novelist usually starts; perhaps it is the ordinary method. But the germ idea of "The Yellow Poppy" cannot be of quite so common inception, for it did not originate in the waking world at all. I dreamt — I have a habit of dreaming vividly — that I saw the house of a great French noble, deserted after the Revolution, and that noble's wife going to it, unknown and shabbily dressed, to drink tea with the caretaker in what had been her own proud mansion. I knew nothing else whatever; but hence came the Château de Mirabel, and Valentine, Duchesse de Trélan, and all that follows in that rather long book.

Until three years ago my books had all had either an entirely or a partially French setting. But in 1923, as it happened, I paid a first visit to Lochaber, that district in the Western Highlands of Scotland so saturated with memories of the last Jacobite Rebellion of the "Forty-five." I was there five weeks (in almost constant rain) and had not when I went the slightest intention of writing about the Forty-five, which, as an overwritten period and one which I knew very little about, rather bored me. But the spirit of the place got such a hold upon me that

before I left I had the whole story planned almost in spite of myself. Directly I came south I started to read for it. And I can only ascribe it to a perhaps unusual sensitiveness to historical localities that "The Flight of the Heron," published two years later, besides being now, I understand, on most bookstalls in Scotland, was acclaimed by the late Dr. Horatio Brown, the well-known scholar and historian of Venice, himself a Highlander — in fact the grandson of the "last Chief" of Glengarry, Sir Walter Scott's friend, who is supposed to have been the model for Fergus MacIvor in *Waverley* — in terms so flattering that I cannot refrain from quoting them. He wrote to my publishers (thinking me a man):

"I have just finished the book, which has moved me more profoundly than anything else I have read for years. I had no notion I was so Highland and so Jacobite. . . . The landscape is marvellously true; not a false touch, not an overstrained note. . . . He has touches, too, that only a poet could have written, so quiet and so full. . . . But how the devil (damn him!) did the author get this intimate, inside knowledge of the Highland character? . . . It is marvellous, and makes this book far and away the finest Highland Jacobite story I know."

And Dr. W. B. Blaikie of Edinburgh, that recent heavy loss to Jacobite lore, of which, until less than a month ago, he was the greatest living exponent, said of the book, "As good as you'll get. She is extraordinary in the hold she keeps on facts."

One writes, of course, because one wants to and cannot imagine not doing it. At the bottom, I believe one is really telling oneself a story. The interest in working it out is a kind of exploration, to find out "what happened next." Occasionally one goes along a wrong track in this quest, and has to come back. But it still remains a strange fact (Kipling, I think, has somewhere called attention to it) that when one has a pen in one's hand (and sometimes when one hasn't) situations and ideas come into the mind quite unsought, as from an entirely outside source. And

when one is really "going well" (which doesn't happen too often) one is not quite conscious, until the fit stops, of what one has written; such results may, of course, be bad as well as good. I often find that if I am in a difficulty about some point in the plot, and if I cannot discuss it *viva voce,* that I can usefully conduct this discussion with myself on paper, and can nearly always get some solution in that way. My plots are, of course, always worked out first in outline, and sufficiently far ahead in detail.

BOOKS BY D. K. BROSTER
(each $1.50)

THE FLIGHT OF THE HERON
THE GLEAM OF THE NORTH
THE YELLOW POPPY
SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD
THE WOUNDED NAME
MR. ROWL

THE ISLANDS OF PERSEPHONE

By D. K. Broster

A little wind is rustling the bunchy fronds of the cabbage palms and flinging abroad the almost cloying sweetness of their long, coral-like spikes of ivory blossom. The day of the ironwood is not yet, but in another month the tree by the side of the old church will be so closely covered with its thick red tufts of bloom as almost to suggest a Turkey carpet laid over the top. Between the palm stems, beyond the little grey belfry, you

The Old Churchyard
St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly

can see a crag, all crockets and finials, unexpectedly lifting itself in the middle of a promontory, and catch a glimpse of the peacock-hued waters of the bay — perhaps even of a downward flash of white, where a tern, with incomparable grace and speed, has checked and twisted on the wing, to strike the sea like a missile. Not far away is a field of white arums, and a few gladioli still sway between the great thick veronica hedges, themselves eight-foot high walls of scented mauve and purple. And over stone and sand mesembryanthemum pours like a tide.

An English island outpost, you say — Bahamas or Bermudas, and among these rustling palms must surely wander now and then a negress in a gaudy gown, were she only the ghost of some black nurse of the many little children who lie here.

No. An outpost if you like, but England itself, and the first glimpse of it which meets the sailor from the New World bound for Plymouth or Southampton, who has been steering, perhaps, by dead reckoning for the taller of its lighthouses. The brightest garments you shall see here are the pinks and blues and oranges of the piratical-looking crews of the French fishing boats which put in from time to time. But this land, though the Atlantic encircles it, is not so far away that Cornishmen cannot discern it, at times, a cloud on the ocean. For this is Scilly of the hundred isles, of the thousand reefs, of the vehement tide-races — Scilly, where the cuckoo lingers so late and the flowers seem to glow with light of their own; where the deep water is always laced with foam at some point or other to enhance the intensity of the blue, and the shoal puts crystal to shame for clearness and is coloured like a string of gems, jade and chalcedony and amethyst side by side; where the sun shines almost every day in an air which has never known pollution, and goes down in an especial glory — Scilly, where the full Atlantic seas crash against the great hammer-head of cliff at the end of Bryher, and scream into Hell Bay, and swirl round the Nundeeps, and fall back defeated from Mincarlo and Maiden Bower; where the bell-buoy clangs dismally in the swift tide over Spanish Ledges, and where, east and west, hour after hour, the mist is rent by the wail and boom of the two lighthouses which watch over the outer reefs . . . "the strong and dangerous isles of Scilly," as the sixteenth century well called them.

How strong, how dangerous you may, even on a summer's day, realise when you come on the up-ended piece

of porphyry in the beautiful little bay, where, just over 220 years ago, a great English admiral's body was washed ashore and given burial, and remember that with Sir Cloudesley Shovel two thousand men went to their doom on the Gilstone Reef. It is true that Cloudesley Shovel's body lies today in Westminster Abbey, far enough from any sound of breakers, but once he slept, so they say, beneath the patch of gravel — grassless always — near the stone, a patch which the children still piously deck with a cross of shells. Behind his resting-place, all round the

Sir Cloudesley Shovel's Grave

curve of the bay, goes a sloping lawn nodding with sea-pinks, while in front the sea-poppy flaunts its evanescent yellow beauty. And the bay is small, clasped in two green arms, "out of the swing of the seas"; though his body be housed with more state elsewhere, a sailor's spirit might well haunt Porth Hellick for love of its gentle harbourage.

Further back, too — much further — go the graves of Scilly. The downs of her islands are studded with the barrows of an ancient race, so lost in the mists of prehistory that no one knows whence it came or what its lineaments. But in the stone *kistvaen* on Samson Island was found a little heap of its dust. . . . And legend through *her* mists bids all who love the story of the Round Table

remember that these isles are the tip of the lost land of Lyonnesse, which sank beneath the traitor Modred and his host when, after Arthur had taken his death-wound, the King's knights turned to bay at its extremity — now the highest point of the island of St. Martin, where stands the old daymark. Twenty-five miles long must that lost stretch have been, for the Cornish coast is twenty-five miles away, and more than a hundred churches, says legend, were engulfed with it. Nevertheless not a bell of them can be heard tolling beneath the waters, though the Breton peasant thinks he hears those of fabled Ys, overwhelmed in the Baie des Trépassés; nor can one see glimmering at low tide anything resembling that strange, pale line of reef, like a sunken street, which marks the place where the lost Welsh *cantref* — with the same Celtic legend of the stolen key and the liberated sluices — was drowned in Cardigan Bay. Lyonnesse went down in deep water; and the best of it still remains, to send, not Arthur's barge with wailing queens, but a steamer full of spring flowers voyaging busily landwards over Modred's rusty mail and the spires of the legendary churches.

For that is Scilly's vocation now — to grow, not in thousands, but in millions, in tons, those miracles of spring which some dull winter's day one comes upon in a London street with a little shock of joy, saying, "Look, there are the first jonquils!" Phœnician (perhaps), Roman, Danish speaking, the young fugitive Charles II, and wrecks from time immemorial, Scilly has known them all; but now her name is sweet with narcissi and daffodils — Persephone returning yearly from the realm of Dis.

(For permission to reprint the bulk of this little article thanks are due to the courtesy of the *Manchester Guardian,* in which it originally appeared.)

"TARKA THE OTTER" BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

Reviewed by Marni Ayres Davis

Mr. Williamson loves water best of the three elements of Nature. The quality of cold, clear water is the first impression I got from his writing, and above all else, he has the sharp, cool, and penetrating quiet of deep water. It is a strange thing to say of a writing man, a man whose very tools are words, that he has the beauty of silence. Henry Williamson has just that. An otter is one of the shyest of water animals, and to know him there must be a hush about you, and it is there in Mr. Williamson's book. A lovely, quivering hush that lets you listen, while the words pile up the wonder of water and wood life.

From this man's deep and keen observation, through his deeper and keener love, he has written a book so piercingly

From "Animals in Black and White"
by Eric Fitch Daglish (Morrow)

His two books on animals, "The Larger Beasts" and "The Smaller Beasts" (each $1.00), are to be followed this spring by two books of "Birds in Black and White."

true that it makes you remember things not consciously noticed when you watched woods and water grow. So far, and in that it opens a new world wider, it is a fine thing for boys and girls. It cannot fail to reach their straightforward and open minds; its shining beauty might very easily be a lamp in darkness. Certainly it is written with a directness that speaks in their own language. If the rather frequent fights to the death, with man, and hound, and trap and gun, do not put out the lamp; if they are a spur to more kindliness bred from more sympathy, then it is a perfectly splendid book for older children.

My favorite hate in books is a too obvious author. The busy little bee, who is always telling you how bright and clever and pretty his characters are, and never letting them show you for themselves. Mr. Williamson has hidden his pen from the very first and let this human document speak out for itself. Not the animals, who are the characters of his novel, ever speak as humans, for which much praise! Rather, they live and are, and you know them, how they look and what they think and what they are going to do next, as far as we poor humans can ever know animals, just from an intimate sense of them that has been created from the first word. More than this, you know how Dartmoor and Exmoor, the "Country of the Two Rivers," looks, what it does with sun, and wind, and rain, and starlight, and it is good knowing. The fortunate ones of this world know about dogs, their bigness and all their little ways, from living with them. It is a privilege. I feel exactly the same way about having read and owning "Tarka the Otter."

There is so much in Tarka that boys and girls will love, if they are not the "very young." But there is much that does not seem to me to be for them at all. Mr. Williamson has called it Tarka's "joyful water life and death in the Country of the Two Rivers," and yet, it is a tragic tale, full of lumps in the throat and heart-breaking epi-

sodes, from the point of view of boys and girls. On the other hand, I may be forgetting how "Kaa's Hunting" and Mowgli's farewell to Baghera and the Pack tore my own heartstrings, and dissolved me utterly, and still I wanted them over and again.

The great of English letters, John Galsworthy, and grand Thomas Hardy have risen up and called Mr. Williamson blessed, after their individual manners, for having written a fine and remarkable book. That, in the last analysis, refutes all my arguments, for the best thing that can be given to boys and girls is a fine book.

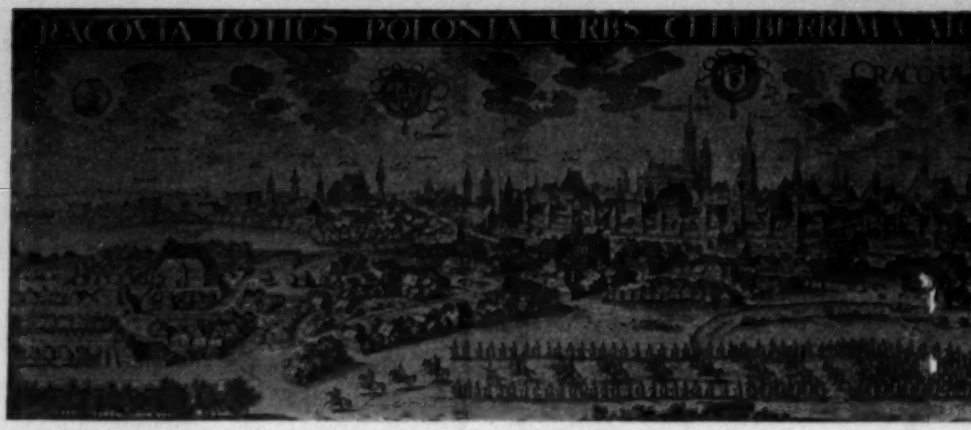
TARKA THE OTTER, by Henry Williamson *Dutton* $2.50

THE CITY THAT SINGS

By Eric P. Kelly

I don't know if you call it song exactly, but it's a kind of vibration that issues from this city of Krakow that arouses a very tumult in my heart. You know it yourself in certain people that you meet; they seem to start something vibrating in you, and you feel so intoxicatingly happy that you want to embrace the world. I usually feel that way about Polish people. They start me vibrating with the most exquisite pleasure, and the world suddenly ceases to become a place of masks and manners and takes on color and life and rainbow radiancy, and I feel a happiness in life that really transcends emotion. The same thing is true with the buildings in the city of Krakow. They vibrate with exactly this same force. I always felt as if I knew them even when I was a little boy, and one time fell dreaming over a page in a magazine where a picture of the old Wawel in Krakow was shown. It was somehow mine and I knew that in some past day I had walked along that winding road by the river with the old walls of Krakus looming over my head. Kenneth Grahame tells of his experience as a child in looking into a picture and following a road there out of the picture and back into the country that he saw in the distance. Alice went through a looking-glass into a dream world, but she had often wondered about the glass before she found her opportunity to enter it. And as soon as she entered that Looking Glass Land, something in her began to sing, and sings as well in every child or grownup that reads the book.

There was a city thrown all about me, singing like Memnon down in Egypt. The blue sky over the Carpathians, and the Vistula twisting into sight, and the old castle rising up there as stately as in the days before history, just throbbed into reality through the vision of my senses. Magnificent these things were, without reason or rhyme, too, but they were nothing to the Cathedral of the Burghers,



KRAKOW IN THE M

the Church of Panna Marja, the Church of Our Lady Mary — call it what you will. For here, as I first came into Krakow after that great day when Poland rose from the grave, I suddenly heard the great bell boom over my head with its deep accent, and then the tocsin, the smaller bell, which drove the pigeons scrambling and shook them into the light like white snowflakes. As all were settling and there was but the fluttering of wings high in the air, there came from above that call of the trumpet, the Heynal which had been played since civilization first began in Poland, nearly one thousand years before. I can't describe my emotions. I was so happy that I wanted to scream aloud. I wanted to sing and dance and stand on my head. My heart started to beat, gently but without speed, and seemed to be throwing off sparks of fire.

That intoxication never left me. And later when I came back to study I did not let one day pass without spending some time within the walls of that church. I went there morning, noon, and night; late night, too, and very early morning. I studied every window and nook; I devoured with my eyes every carving and design. I knelt before every altar and attended every service that I could. And yet I say to you now, that in that one year I only touched the surface of the vast volumes of life and tradition that

it held. One must do this to appreciate Gothic. One cannot rush from cathedral to cathedral; one cannot fill one's head with a hundred different models. One must — I must — live side by side with *one* and study it day in and day out before I begin to get an appreciation of it. I must go in in the afternoon when the light is streaming through a window in the west wall, — over the door, — and I must study the moods of the church and compare them with mine. I can study that one scene in all my moods, and as my moods change so does the cathedral. Then again, I can come in at night and look up into the roof and wonder what dark spirits are up there waiting to snatch my soul away. Then the organ plays and I know that all is well. I come in loaded with discouragement, and throw myself down before the altar of the Sacrament, and if I expect a miracle, then I am disappointed. . . . The world simply stops. . . . I can't describe it any other way. But I do know that when I leave the church the rushing has stopped. Something has touched me — I don't know what. And so day in and day out I follow the moods of the cathedral and let my own moods meet its moods — of course its moods are greater and more infinite than mine, and quieter, too. There is never storm there. The great brick walls drive off the tempests that blow upon it.

Pillar in Wawel Cathedral

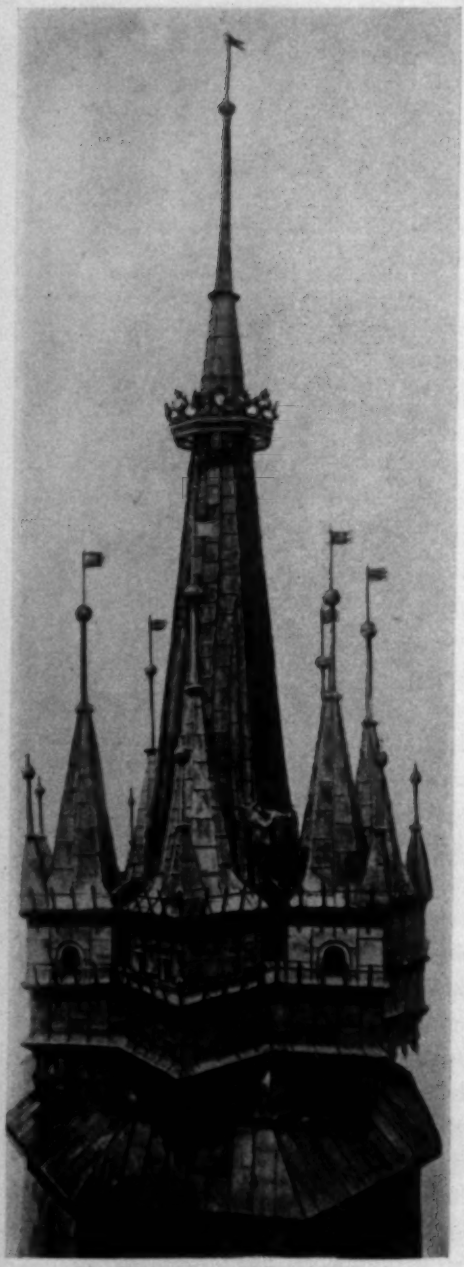
I love it. It has sheltered every mood that my spirit has known and it has expressed every joy that there is in me. I have known the world's greatest anguish, the suffering of Good Friday, when all our hopes and ambitions and joys hung bloody and crucified upon that cruel cross. I have known that ecstasy of hope and joy and rapture when Christ is born at midnight, and the trumpeters come out and play that old carol "Amid the Silence," and the organ sings it below, and a thousand voices swell the melodies to the skies.

But Krakow has other treasures. It has the old relics, those mounds to prehistoric people — Krakus, who slew the dragon, and Wanda, who sacrificed herself to her people. Beneath the market-place surface are the old rooms that once were on the street level, and in that gorgeous Cloth Hall is another Cloth Hall below ground. It is even said that the Church of St. Adalbert in the Square is but the tower of a buried church. Krakow has its resemblance to Ilium, for everywhere beauty after beauty comes to the light as one pries beneath the surface. A catalogue of its treasures is impossible. It would take a book to describe them, and then one would be only at the beginning.[1]

[1] Such a book has been written. "Cracow," by Leonard Lepszy, translated by Roman Dyboski.

In the midst of this towering city on the Wawel Hill, where the spires of the cathedral and the battlements of the castle rise into the air, there is a prehistoric tower through whose open roof men once worshiped the sun and moon and stars. Down below are the old Medieval streets, the dwelling-places for centuries of astrologers and astronomers who gave Faust and Copernicus to the world. There is the university with its mother, the Cathedral School, which has sent out into the world men and women rich in culture whose learning and gentleness have enriched the world. The monument given by Paderewski enriches the approach by the Florian Gate through the old wall; along that same street went Joseph Conrad to school. Material recollections of great Poles, living and dead, meet one at every hand — a tablet to Frederick Chopin, the memorial to Madame Modjeska, the statue to Kosciuszko and his tomb covered with the Stars and Stripes. In the old crypt where sleep the kings and heroes of Poland lies John Sobieski, and by his side the great sword with which he repelled the Turks. There is the memorial to the novelist,

Pillar in Wawel Cathedral



The Trumpeter in Helm of Tower

Sienkiewicz, and a statue to the patriot-poet Mickiewicz, whose epic "Pan Tadeusz" kept the flame of Polish nationality burning during the years of discouragement. Madame Curie, honored by city and university, is a living remembrance in Polish hearts.

There is a song that arises from all these monuments, from these walls, and towers, and Gothic churches, a song that sings not only the immortality of the culture of good, but a song that arouses artists and creators of reality in words, stones, plaster, and colors. One cannot escape it, even if one is hostile to Poland's national aims. One can find in this city the living presence of every good aim, every great aspiration, of every aspect of the culture of beauty. . . . This song I call the spirit of everlasting. And as much as I love it and am thrilled by it, I prefer the voice of the Church of Panna Marja — the Church of Our Lady Mary, and in it is the spirit of everything for which I live.

Mr. Kelly has written:

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW
Macmillan $2.50

A SCHOOL BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

By Emily Ethell

EACH year the Dean would suggest that it would be nice to have a book club for the girls, and each year I would agree — and that was as far as we got. I simply lacked the courage to attempt to interest girls whose days were already filled with activities and compulsory book reports in still another club and more "outside reading."

Then one day headlines on the advertising pages of a magazine caught my eye — "Why not join these 85,000 book-readers?" — and it occurred to me that the idea which had so successfully interested "cabinet members, senators and congressmen, and the governors of many states," not to mention the rest of the thousands, might be useful to us.

At any rate we decided to make the experiment. For our "jury" we selected the Bookshop for Boys and Girls as being closely in touch with the new books and at the same time admirably fitted to judge those best suited for our purpose. We requested that four or more fairly recent books be sent us about the twentieth of each month, two for the juniors and seniors and two for the freshmen and sophomores. As the books were to be paid for from the library book fund we stipulated that the price of no one book be over five dollars, but we placed no restrictions on the type of book to be chosen.

The Club was organized in two sections, one of the younger and the other of the older girls, which met in the library on alternate Wednesdays once a month. Two girls were assigned to each book as soon as it arrived. It was their duty to read the book at once and be prepared to introduce it to the members in its most engaging light, one telling a little about the author and the background of the book (the Horn Book supplied most of the information), and the other presenting the book itself through a brief review or by reading an enticing bit. Before the next

meeting each girl had, theoretically, read the book and was prepared to discuss it. Thus the program consisted of a presentation of the new books and a discussion of the old. A large bulletin board in the library was dedicated to the use of the Book Club and each month the decorative book covers were posted on it by the program committee. As an incentive to keeping the reading up-to-date, we made

BOOK CLUB
Lyons Township High School, La Grange, Ill.

a chart, on which the girls checked the names of the books as they read them.

It is not hard to understand why the various Book-of-the-Month Clubs have been popular. It was so pleasant to have new books arriving each month without knowing what they were to be. And it was more entertaining still to see the reaction of the girls to the books as they arrived. I am forced to admit that the popularity of a book was often in indirect ratio to its length. It was hard to persuade

them that Sandburg's "Lincoln" and Rourke's "Trumpets of Jubilee" and Van Loon's "America" were as fascinating as they were lengthy. But most of the books were read without any persuasion and discussed very freely — problems such as whether Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is a novel even though it is not a love story; and whether the hero of James Weldon Johnson's "Autobiography of an ex-Coloured Man" was justified in marrying a white girl even though she accepted the difference in race; and whether Mr. Tarkington's "Claire Ambler" is a true picture of the American girl of today.

It was interesting and gratifying to see how many of the Book Club books were usable as background material in certain courses. American history, as it is taught in this school, necessitates wide reading, and a surprising number of the Junior-Senior books seemed particularly appropriate for this course. O'Neill's "Marco Millions" and Donn Byrne's "Crusade" helped to give a rich medieval setting for the first unit, "Setting the Stage for Columbus." "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth" gave a vicarious experience in pushing back the frontier, and Davis' "Gilman of Redford," and "War Drums," by Sass, helped to make real the break with the Old World. The biographies of John Paul Jones, by Russell, and of Lincoln, by Sandburg, were peculiarly suitable.

The English department had graciously agreed to accept reports on all Book Club books, and it received its reward when the "Winged Horse," by Auslander and Hill, came along to enthuse the members in poetry, and Steel's "O Rare Ben Jonson" made the Golden Age gleam more brightly. Still other books worked in well in other English projects — "Heroes of Modern Adventure," by Bridges and Tilton, and Paine's "Girl in White Armour" for the sophomores' biographies, and Martin Johnson's "Safari" and Sawtell and Treat's "Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees"

for the juniors' travel papers. The boys begrudged the Book Club its first chance at Byrd's "Skyward," Thomas's "Count Luckner" and Graves' "Lawrence and the Arabs."

At the end of the year the freshmen and sophomores had a hard time deciding on their favorite books, so uniformly popular were they. Their harshest criticism was that they thought that some of them must have been written for young children, but they admitted that they enjoyed them in spite of their high school years. I was particularly glad to have Mrs. Becker's "Adventures in Reading" early in the year as a sort of keynote book.

We are trying the same plan this year with two or three variations necessitated by a new regulation of the Girls' Club Council, which limits each girl to two activities. Eliminating the professional joiners has cut down our membership to a number which permits us to hold two joint meetings each month. The first Wednesday is devoted to the books of the month, and the second to the reading and discussion of poetry. The new plan has the double advantage of introducing all of the books to all of the members and of giving *me* the pleasure of reading poetry to them.

JUNIOR–SENIOR BOOKS

Auslander and Hill. WINGED HORSE
Byrd. SKYWARD
Byrne. CRUSADE
Cather. DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP
Davis. GILMAN OF REDFORD
Graves. LAWRENCE AND THE ARABS
Johnson. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLOURED MAN
Johnson. SAFARI
Noel. STORY OF EVEREST
O'Neill. MARCO MILLIONS
Rolvaag. GIANTS IN THE EARTH
Rourke. TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE
Russell. JOHN PAUL JONES: MAN OF ACTION
Sandburg. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS
Sass. WAR DRUMS

Sawtell and Treat. PRIMITIVE HEARTHS IN THE PYRENEES
Steel. O RARE BEN JONSON
Tarkington. CLAIRE AMBLER
Thomas. COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL

FRESHMAN–SOPHOMORE BOOKS

Becker. ADVENTURES IN READING
Bridges and Tilton. HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE
Casserly. DWELLERS IN THE JUNGLE
Drake. CURSED BE THE TREASURE
Follett. VOYAGE OF THE NORMAN D
Harper. SIBERIAN GOLD
Lownsbery. BOY KNIGHT OF REIMS
MacGowan. TRAIL OF THE LITTLE WAGON
McNeil. DANIEL DULUTH
Miller. CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE
Mukerji. GAY-NECK
Paine. GIRL IN WHITE ARMOUR
Sass. WAR DRUMS
Snedeker. DOWNRIGHT DENCEY
Van Loon. AMERICA
Zeitlin, tr. GESSAR KHAN

TWO THOUSAND MILES OF BACKGROUND

By Alida Sims Malkus

I was only nine when I first went to the Southwest. That light, celestial air, those changing sapphire peaks, fascinated me. The rich valleys, where from one chili-hung autumn to another huge clusters of grapes ripened and the cottonwood turned to hammered gold, might have been in Egypt, save that each spring orchards of peach and apple burst into bloom.

It was all vast, and light, and charming, and wonderful. The brilliant sunlight, the far-stretching mesas, the mountains lying low on the horizon or rising majestically from your very feet — it was another world. Two thousand miles of open country, two thousand years of ancient red men, three centuries of Spanish traditions, of sloe-eyed, heavy-lidded people, somnolent in the sun.

For nearly ten years I spent most of the time in the West. I rode the incredibly compact and hard-bellied little burro, the spirited wild horse of the ranch roundups, and the patient, wise, long-suffering saddle-horse of the livery stables — anything, so that I might ride. Winter after winter I returned to New Mexico, wandering into Colorado, Arizona, Texas, and over the border down into Mexico.

The trains that roared higher and higher up into the mountains were following the very path of the old Santa Fé Trail, the "bloodiest trail of history." I grew to recognize the landmarks — Pawnee Rock, the Cimmaron Crossing, Raton Pass. Along this overland route men had wept and struggled and died in their search for gold, for new homes, for adventure, and trade. Here was Glorieta, where a fearful battle was fought. Beyond lay the ruins of Pecos, an ancient village of the Pueblo Indians.

I was not yet twenty and saw only beauty in all that I saw. There are people for whom there is neither romance nor loveliness in the Southwest; who see only a "God-forsaken country" of dust-storms, of blanketed, unresponsive Indians, square little mud houses, pig-tailed Mexican women in black shawls. To them there is no romance,

THE BUTTERFLY DANCE

and history and high adventure become melodrama. But there are Taos, and Santa Fé, and students of the past going West to dig, painters to paint, writers to write. As for the ranchman and the sheepman, the old-timer, and the Indian, they love the country without words.

For a year I lived on a ranch of eleven thousand acres, in the heart of the Rockies and not far from the Santa Fé

Trail. I learned to cast for mountain and rainbow trout in the swift cascading Pecos. In an upland canyon I used to sit fascinated for hours in the mouth of a fern-embowered cave into which poured a rushing stream. The torrent disappeared with a roar into some age-old underground channel beneath the mountain.

I rode up into mountain meadows where cattle grazed on pastures that lay under the sky, ten thousand feet high. They were lush with spring water and melting mountain snows. In these fairy pastures were anemones and fringed gentian as big as a teacup, blue columbine like orchids, tiny morning glories that climbed among the wheat, hollyhock stalks quite two inches high, with flowers like wee buttons. I stood on the rim of a thousand-foot cliff and looked abroad on the curve of the world, over valleys filled with an amethystine mist. I saw the young bulls fight in the meadows, and brown bear scramble from the trail before us.

Down at the foot of the mountain was the little Spanish village of Pecos, living still as it had three hundred years before when the Conquistadores had taken this land for New Spain. The Spanish they spoke was the language of the chroniclers of Cabezade Baca's conquest of New Mexico. The manners of the inhabitants of the little adobe houses were those of a courtier of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. I loved Pecos town on the clear little river — hollyhocks in the gardens, goats in the corrals.

In the squat houses there was fine hospitality. When a caller came there was always a youth to take up the guitar and strum an old air or sing a copleta, a ballad or love song. It was a life simple and pastoral almost beyond belief, with little knowledge of the outside world. Far from the railroad there are any number of such old-worldy places in New Mexico, as Spanish still as old Spain.

In the spring of the year I watched, hidden on a distant hill, the secret Lenten rites of the Penitentes, enacting the bitter Passion Play of the Rockies. Too absorbed in their

penitence to see any one, they wound up a rocky trail, whipping their bare and bloody backs. Some stumbled with painfully bound legs and bare feet over a thorny path to where a cross loomed upon a hill. Sometimes I passed these people upon a mountain road; sad, simple, and sincere they seemed to me, gently courteous but aloof.

PREPARING FOR THE CORN FESTIVAL

Often I rode down to the Pecos ruins and wandered about among the tumbled stone houses of the vanished Pecos Indians, and dug among the *débris* to discover a turquois bead, a Spanish crucifix perhaps. The great walls of the desert Cathedral crumbled slowly, a little less thick after the rains of each year. They will tell you in Mexican Pecos nearby that a great pink snake came down from

the mountains and devoured all the Pecos Indians — all but a few who scattered among other pueblos. It was said that some of these still kept a sacred fire burning in some secret place in the mountains, like the ancient sun worshipers of Mexico, from whom they must have sprung.

Over the mountains lay Santa Fé. That was a different thing! There one met the descendants of old families — the Lunas, the Chaves's, whose silver bore an ancient crest. Here were flashes of the barbaric richness of life in the time of the Conquistadores. Hammered silver dishes, carved furniture, rare embroideries, a museum full of garments and relics other than pistols or pottery — these had all been gathered in this primitive country.

I was to find the greatest treasure house of all at the Harvey curio rooms in the Santa Fé station in Albuquerque. There the collector in chief would sometimes unlock his safe and take out the relics he had gathered in the Southwest. There were glowing jewels, necklaces, bracelets and brooches of rubies and garnets and pearls, set in mellow gold. There were carven combs and lovely shawls, Mexican hats weighted with silver, boleros and breeches of romantic cut, trimmed with hand-made silver buttons. A gorgeous and beautifully colored robe was spread before me. It was woven of silky feathers, the mantle of an Aztec Lord. I fingered it with awe, and scarcely dared touch the strange Peruvian fabrics of lama's hair, or the fibre of desert plants.

To hold these things in the hand brought more vividly before me a picture of the past in Mexico and New Spain than could any amount of printed history. They had been worn by living people, by real human beings. A Spanish lady had worn this shawl, that comb. Some haughty and cruel caballero had swaggered in the silver spurs and ridden smooth the seat of the wrought leather saddle.

So glamorous were these discoveries that even the recent past shared their lustre. We moved down into the Southern

part of the state, and there my adobe house was right across the way from the house of Pat Garret's Mexican widow and daughters — Pat Garret, the sheriff, who shot that famous young bandit, Billy the Kid! Annie Garret, the sheriff's blind daughter, was called the Song Bird of New Mexico. She used to sing lovely Spanish airs for

BLUE FEATHER DROPPED THE SHAWL GENTLY OVER HER SHOULDERS

me — the thought of them brings back the scent of pink tamarack and the flowering locust.

Oldtimers told me many tales of pioneering, banditry and feud. During the Lincoln County cattle war Albert Fountain, a lawyer who was prosecuting a successful case against one of the most notorious bands of cattle thieves of those marauding days, set out for Alamagordo, where

the case was being tried. He took with him his little boy of ten. They were seen just before they reached the White Sands, a desert of gleaming gypsum lying east of the Organ Mountains; and never more thereafter. Their trail ended at the Sands' edge, where a herd of cattle had been driven over it. Their bones were left to bleach in that eerie desert.

I was still in my teens when first I stayed at a real cattle ranch. It was a great and princely domain, some hundred square miles of grazing lands, with hundreds of miles of fenced pasture. That first summer the mesas were covered knee deep in gramma grass and white with poppies and daisies. Antelope swept from the canyon's shelter to bound across plains that stretched without border lines into Texas. Lion and cat lurked in the mountains and the last of the great Horned Sheep of the Rockies could be spied from a far distance, perching upon the inaccessible crags of the Organ Mountains. Across the face of a titanic cliff that rose sheer from the mesas wound the sheep and wild goats. Some narrow trail afforded them foothold, and to my amazement, day after day, as I watched them through a field glass, they would leap suddenly and disappear into thin air.

Where did they go? Two people had climbed to a point above the trail, so I tried it; looking down, I found that the sheep were leaping across a chasm of ten or fifteen feet and disappearing into the mouth of a cave that could not be seen from below.

On the eastern slope of the Organ Mountains lay the big ranch house with its many outbuildings, all of creamy adobe with red roofs. Before the War they ran fifty thousand head of cattle, sometimes more. The girls, who had all been away to good schools, rode superbly and knew all the ranch work as well, or better, than they did the work of the kitchen. Any one of them could have conducted a roundup or a branding, or could have told when to sell and ship yearling or steer.

Lena was a remarkable horsewoman and would have shone in any rodeo, or in a show ring of high-school horses for that matter. I thought of Lena and a number of girls like her, one of whom had, during the war, run her father's ranch, and wrote "Raquel." I gave her, too, some of my own adventures in Mexico during the Carranza-Villa Revolution. Everything seemed peaceful when we crossed the border, but no sooner had we reached the railroad's end, Nacozari in Sonora, than a Yaqui army led by a brute of a General came filing up the pass.

They surrounded and occupied the tiny town, the backdrop of a theatre it looked, and blew up the wireless station, then ordered every one off the street. They didn't need to. The inhabitants had fled. — We became most friendly later on, however, the General and I. In exchange for a sterno lamp which intrigued him, he gave me a fine big horse which he had stolen across the border. Each of us was delighted with the trade, and if I chuckled at parting because I thought how surprised he would be when the sterno gave out (though, honestly, I had tried to convey to him that it would), I did not chuckle when I found that the big bay was a stall-fed brute himself and would not graze on the mountain top with the native ponies, but must have a groom of his own to feed him.

Raquel was never in greater danger than I actually was, and as were also the wives of ranchmen who were trying to return across the border at that time. We slept with our boots on, and rode in the early dawns or in the dark of the moon. We hid in caves and friendly Carrancista houses, and starved on beans and cactus fruit. I rode out to catch the last train from Nacozari, more than a hundred miles in less than twenty-four hours' riding time, with never a sore on my horse's back.

I was glad of the hard riding I had done at ranch roundups, fifty miles a day sometimes, using a dozen different quick-footed cow-ponies. I was glad to be returning from a land where the blood of fierce Aztec warriors and

of ruthless Spanish conquerors was still rampant in their descendants. Glad to get back to the land of gentle, field-tilling Pueblos.

But the splendid ruins of Mexico had given me new eyes with which to see the Pueblos. They alone preserved that ancient American civilization; they alone reflected the prehistoric glory of Mayan culture. They were different from all the other Indians of North America.

Separated by plains and mountain ranges, by deserts and mesas, from the white man's world for so many generations, they had survived, and still live after their own fashion, in spite of store shoes, Ford cars, and threshing machines.

Every one who goes West knows the pueblos today: Acoma, a village in the sky, resting on the summit of a great rock that rises from the desert; Zuñi, oldest of all settled places on this continent; Taos, with its white blanketed men and its many-terraced community apartments; Jemez, in the mountains; Isleta, in the river valley. Music of drums, feathers and painted headdresses, strange pageants and spectacular costumes.

In the caves of vanished cliff dwellers I have picked up an ear of dried corn seed of a thousand years ago, and beneath the dislodged stones before the hearth glimpsed the wee bones of a babe, buried there that its spirit might not depart forever from the home, but remain to bless the fireside.

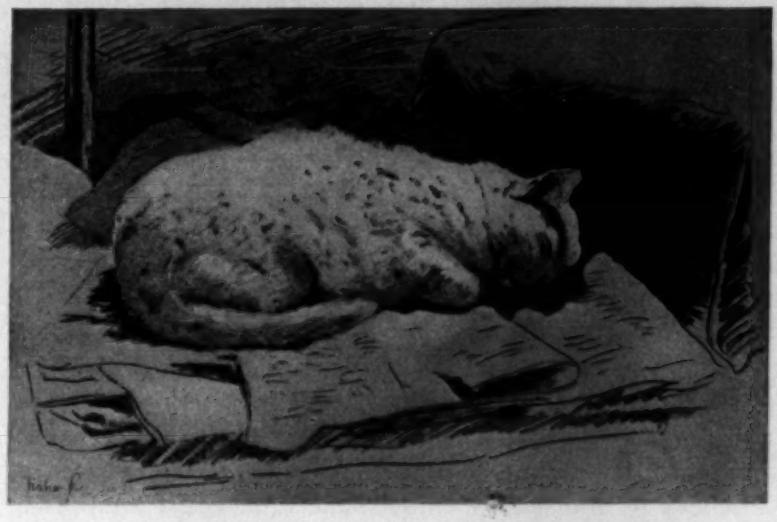
Two thousand miles of open sky, two thousand years of background, against their spaces move the figures of the past, coloring the present with significance.

Mrs. Malkus has written:

THE DRAGON FLY OF ZUÑI	*Harcourt*	$2.50
RAQUEL OF THE RANCH COUNTRY	*Harcourt*	1.75
CARAVANS TO SANTA FÉ	*Harper*	1.75

The illustrations throughout this article are from "The Dragon Fly of Zuñi," illustrated by Erick Berry. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

THE HUNT BREAKFAST



MY CAT SNOW *by A. Hugh Fisher*

A Cat-Critic for a Cat-Book

Two of the Horn Book authors have recently had an amusing introduction via friends in cat-land. A. Hugh Fisher, who not only etches cats and other beasts, big and little, but has made the delightful nonsense drawings and verses of "Frolics With Uncle Yule," has a cherished twelve-year-old cat, Snow. Now, Snow keeps up a lively interchange of messages with two Hingham cats, Bob and Leader, who, in their turn, know all about the comfortable lap and understanding fingertips of their mistress's friend, Miss Coatsworth, and have naturally heard of "The Cat and the Captain." At Christmas time, then, after duly sniffing over a copy, and rubbing their cheeks on its corners, they had it mailed to their friend, Snow, in London with the greetings of the season. Mr. Fisher tells of its reception as follows:

"December 27: . . . When we returned home yesterday we found among accumulated postal packets . . . the exciting book for Snow from Bob and Leader. I do wish you could have seen Snow while he was hearing that book read aloud! In the ordinary conversation of human beings one word which invariably arrests his attention is the monosyllable CAT, and as Snow was lazily toasting himself in front of the fire while we read 'The Cat and the Captain' after lunch, he soon became aware that for once we were reading a story which had C. A. T. for its subject matter. I could see his ears twitch ever so slightly each time the word was uttered, and when we came to the terrific encounter with the yellow cat and that fervid conversation was given verbatim, Snow turned his head, and was just about to make an audible comment, when he thought better of it and continued to maintain his superior attitude of silent listener. I believe he thoroughly enjoyed the tale, and I know that the next time he hears us reading aloud he will listen, hopeful that some of the characters of the story will turn out to be cats."

ELIZABETH WHITMORE.

The Little Small Red Hen

THE story of the little red hen is one that we are constantly asked for in the Bookshop, but often when we produce the editions that we have of it, the customer is disappointed, and says, "This is not the one that I remember. Can't you give it to me in verse?" In looking for the verse version, which is to be found in Horace Scudder's "The Doings of the Bodley Children," we were surprised to see how much changed the story has become in the prose versions, which are the ones obtainable in the most attractive editions. In some the little red hen is only the industrious housekeeper, who takes care of the lazy cock and mouse, or cat and frog, does the planting and sowing of the wheat and bakes and eats the

cake. In others this story is combined with the coming of the wily fox with his bag, and going off with the cock, the mouse and the little red hen, but the little red hen has her scissors and her needle and her thread and snips their way to freedom. Then the fox is brought to his just deserts, sometimes as stumbling in the river under the bag of rocks which have been substituted, or being mildly scalded by the splashing pot of water and brought to a speedy penitence. Thus is the story softened down for present-day consumption. By these changes it seems to us that much of the vigor and flavor of the old story is lost. Mr. Scudder is to be thanked for having kept the story complete and colorful in his version, which we print below:

The Story of the Little Rid Hin

There was once't upon a time
A little small rid hin,
Off in the good ould country
Where yeer ha' nivir been.

Nice and quiet shure she was,
And nivir did any harrum,
She lived alane all be herself,
And worked upon her farrum.

There lived out o'er the hill,
In a great din o' rocks,
A crafty, shly, and wicked
Ould folly iv a fox.

This rashkill iv a fox,
He tuk it in his head
He'd have the little rid hin;
So, whin he wint to bed,

He laid awake and thought
What a foine thing 'twad be
To fetch her home and bile her up
For his ould marm and he.

And so he thought and thought,
Until he grew so thin
That there was nothin' left of him
But jist his bones and shkin.

But the small rid hin was wise,
She always locked her door,
And in her pocket put the key,
To keep the fox out, shure.

But at last there came a schame
Intil his wicked head,
And he tuk a great big bag
And to his mither said —

"Now have the pot all bilin'
Agin the time I come;
We'll ate the small rid hin tonight,
For shure I'll bring her home."

And so away he wint
Wid the bag upon his back,
An' up the hill and through the woods
Saftly he made his track.

An' thin he came along,
Craping as shtill's a mouse,
To where the little small rid hin
Lived in her shnug ould house.

An' out she comes hersel'
Jist as he got in sight,
To pick up shticks to make her fire:
"Aha!" says fox, "all right.

"Begorra, now I'll have yees
Widout much trouble more";
An' in he shlips quite unbeknownst,
An' hides be'ind the door.

An' thin a minute afther,
In comes the small rid hin,
An' shuts the door, and locks it, too,
An' thinks, "I'm safely in."

An' thin she tarns around
An' looks be'ind the door;
There shtands the fox wid his big tail
Sphread out upon the floor.

Dear me! she was so shcared
Wid such a wondrous sight,
She dropped her apron — full of shticks —
An' flew up in a fright,

An' lighted on the bame
Across on top the room;
"Aha!" says she, "ye don't have me,
Ye may as well go home."

"Aha!" says fox, "we'll see;
I'll bring yees down from that."
So out he marched upon the floor
Right under where she sat.

An' thin he whiruled around,
An' round an' round an' round,
Fashter, an' fashter, an' fashter,
Afther his tail on the ground.

Until the small rid hin
She got so dizzy, shure,
Wid lookin' at the fox's tail,
She jist dropped on the floor.

An' fox, he whipped her up,
An' pit her in his bag,
An' off he started all alone,
Him and his little dog.

All day he tracked the wood
Up hill an' down again;
An' wid him, shmotherin' in the bag,
The little small rid hin.

Sorra a know she knowed
Awhere she was that day;
Says she, "I'm biled an' ate up, shure,
An' what'll be to pay?"

Thin she betho't hersel',
An' tuk her scissors out,
An' shnipped a big hole in the bag,
So she could look about.

An' 'fore ould fox could think
She lept right out — she did,
An' thin picked up a great big shtone,
An' poped it in instid.

An' thin she rins off home,
Her outside door she locks,
Thinks she, "You see you don't have me,
You crafty, shly, ould fox."

An' fox, he tugged away
Wid the great big hivy shtone,
Thimpin' his shoulders very bad
As he wint on alone.

An' whin he came in sight
O' his great din' o' rocks,
Jist watchin' for him at the door
He shpied ould mither fox.

"Have ye the pot a-bilin'?"
  Says he to ould fox thin;
"Shure an' it is, me child," says she;
  "Have ye the small rid hin?"

"Yes, jist here in me bag,
  As shure as I shtand here;
Open the lid till I pit her in:
  Open it — nivir fear."

So the rashkill cut the sthring,
  An' hild the big bag over;
"Now when I shake it in," says he,
  "Do ye pit on the cover."

"Yis, that I will," an' thin
  The shtone wint in wid a dash,
An' the pot o' bilin' wather
  Came over them ker-splash

An' schalted 'em both to death,
  So they couldn't brathe no more;
An' the little small rid hin lived safe,
  Jist where she lived before.

The present-day editions of the versions of this nursery story are:

Lefevre, THE COCK, THE MOUSE, AND THE LITTLE RED HEN, Ill. by Tony Sarg	*Macrae*	$1.00
Happy Hour Series, LITTLE RED HEN	*Macmillan*	.50
Linenette, STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEN	*Gabriel*	.75
Maltby, LITTLE RED HEN STORY BOOK, Ill. by Frederick Richardson	*Winston*	.75
There are two stories in Chimney Corner Stories by Veronica S. Hutchinson	*Minton*	2.50

THE COCK, THE MOUSE, AND THE LITTLE RED HEN, and THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT.

From "Little Red Hen"
Illustrated by the Haders
(Macmillan)

THE HORN BOOK READING CONTEST

For Boys and Girls 13 years old and under:

For the best set of fifteen book-notes on as many well-chosen books, each book-note not to be more than 200 words or less than 100 — a prize of 10 books.

For Boys and Girls 14 years old and over:

For the best set of twenty-five book-notes on as many good books, each book-note not to be more than 200 words or less than 100 — a prize of 10 books.

These are the conditions for the 1929 Contest and below we are printing a few of the good book-notes we have already received. We wish we had space to print more, for we have many more good ones.

* * *

GHOND, THE HUNTER

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI — *Dutton* $2.50

This book contains the experiences and adventures that befall a man called Ghond, the hunter. He is an orphan save for an old aunt who brought him up in his father's house in the village of Mayavati, India. All through his life he has wonderful adventures in the jungle. Two of the most interesting are, an encounter with a huge python which he helps capture, also his experience with an unexplained mystery of a cobbler suspected of being a were-tiger. A magician's words that Ghond would become an animal trainer are proved to be true in that the later part of Ghond's life is confined to the training of animals in the circus. This is a very interesting book.

ROBERTA BOWSHER (*Age 12*),
Indianapolis, Indiana.

PAX, THE ADVENTUROUS HORSE

MURIEL HODDER — *Holt* 2.00

This book was written by an eleven-year-old child. Her relatives did not approve of it and it was put away for nineteen years, and only published recently. I agree with her relatives it should never have been published. The spelling, the punctuation and the style are too poor for a child of even eleven. The horse is unreal and not a person in it is human. The book is quite dull from beginning to end. If you have managed to wade through it, give yourself a treat and read two real animal stories, "Bambi" and "Smoky" — you can't put either of those books down until you have finished them.

DOROTHY A. BOYD (*Age 11*),
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

* * *

RUFFS AND POMPONS

BEULAH KING — *Little, Brown* 2.00

Ruffs and Pompons is a story about a circus clown. Finney Foo was the clown's name and he had lived in the toy shop for five whole years with the other dolls and toys. As the author tells us, "If you know anything at all about toyshops you will know that is a long, long time." Finney Foo was quite gay and could not bear to see any one in trouble. When he decided one day to go traveling to see the world he had some strange adventures.

This book was very amusing. There are several rhymes in it that are very gay.

When Finney Foo comes back home to the toyshop he brings back a smile for the little china lady that he had promised her before he left.

I liked this book very much because it made me feel as if I knew the dolls. I hope that the children who read the book will enjoy it as much as I did. I liked every part of "Ruffs and Pompons."

THELMA DECK (*Age 9*),
New York City.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S GARDEN

HUGH LOFTING *Stokes* 2.50

"Doctor Dolittle's Garden" is one of the humorous Doctor Dolittle series. There are seven in this set and all are equally funny. Doctor Dolittle was a famous physician who could speak the animal language so that the animals could understand him. They came from the four corners of the earth to consult him. The name "Dolittle" does not describe the character of the doctor; in fact, it is just the opposite, because he often sits up till midnight working his head off.

Although the book is funny, it is not foolish. Hugh Lofting, the author, has illustrated the book himself. The pictures are as funny as the book.

ROBERT N. MANNING (*Age 10*),
Plainville, Connecticut.

* * *

THE WIND THAT WOULDN'T BLOW

ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN *Dutton* 2.50

I liked this book intensely. One of the chapters that I liked the best was the story of the little brother. The funny part of it was when each brother went to work to find something for the little brother to do. The first brother, who was the biggest, went to a man who needed some one to earth potatoes for him. The first day the big brother worked, and then the next the second worked, and the third time the little brother, who could not find any work, worked for him. Another chapter that I enjoyed very much was the wind that wouldn't blow. It was the story of a King who lived in a big city where there was never any wind. Then the King sent a letter to one of his wise men to get the wind to blow. The wise man said that the servants of the King must put some nice food under the trees so that the Shen of the wind would be pleased. But that did not work so the wise man fled to a cave. But he was discovered, and to save his life he waved his hat in the King's face, who was very pleased, as it made a little wind. The chapter that I really liked the best was a story of a dragon who blew on a pond and the water in it turned bitter. So the daughter of a man put some leaves in the bitter water and it made tea.

FRANCES ALDINGTON (*Age 9*),
Territet, Switzerland.

MILLICENT'S VISIT TO BOSTON

THE following letter and "article" came to the editor's desk on New Year's Eve, and gave so much pleasure not only to the Horn Book Editors but to Alice-Heidi, Wendy and the Brownie, that it was decided to print both the letter and the composition in the Horn Book:

Sunday, December 28, 1928

Dear Miss Mahony:

This summer when my family took our summer trip we visited the Bookshop in Boston.

I enjoyed the doll house most although Wendy and Alice Heidi Greenaway were not there when we saw the doll house.

When we got home from trip mother wanted me to write a little story on what I liked best of our whole trip.

I wrote this little composition on the doll house seeing I enjoyed it most.

Mother thought you would like to see a copy of it.

I suppose you wonder why we know about Alice Heidi and Wendy Greenaway. Mother gets the Horn Book and we read what it told about them. She enjoys it very much.

I hope you will like my story.

Yours most sincerely,

MILLICENT MURDOCK,

THE DOLL HOUSE IN THE BOOKSHOP

As we were visiting Boston, mother wanted me to see the doll house in the bookshop.

There were many interesting books in the shop and mother bought some, but I thought the doll house was the cutest thing there. Here is what we saw.

In the front room what we saw first was Alice with her wonderlands painted on the walls behind her. Then there